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To my best Friend
whenever you read these
pages think of me
Love
Marion Culling

WORTHWHILE SERIES—VOLUME 1

MENTAL MENUS

PAUL G. ROHR, Ph.D.

MENTAL MENUS

PREPARED BY

PAUL G. ROHR, PH. D.

PUBLISHED BY
STATION WJR
DETROIT

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BY
PAUL G. ROHR, PH. D.

PRINTERS INCORPORATED
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TO
THE MOST WORTHWHILE
OF MOTHERS—
My Own

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FOREWORD

This little book is sent out upon its circuit ride to visit the shut-ins, the lonely, the sad, the discouraged, in the hope that wherever it enter there sunshine and peace and courage and hope and happiness may linger for its having been compiled.

Simple and with no pretentions to what is ordinarily regarded as literary merit, these homely pages are the result of neighborly co-operation on the part of my many Worthwhilers. To them be whatever thanks and praise this booklet may merit.

In particular I desire to acknowledge the large-hearted assistance of Mrs. A. O. Wood, Mrs. Ella F. Keller, Mrs. A. P. Dooley, Mrs. Evah Belle Cramer, Mrs. Henry Hirst, Mrs. Verna Schwab, Miss Ann Carroll, Mrs. L. Canby, Mrs. Gretchen Haberle, Mrs. H. S. Gilbert, Mrs. C. Bonfils, Mr. Purl Harding, J. Henry Denning, Mrs. W. W. DeLange.

To Mr. Leo Fitzpatrick, Director of the Richards-Oakland Goodwill Station—WJR—is due the hearty thanks of all Worthwhilers, for it is through his co-operation and the facilities of WJR that Mental Menus came to be.

To all, then, who have worked that this first of our worthwhile booklets could be—thanks—to all who read it, sunshine and good cheer.

PAUL G. ROHR, Ph. D.

WHO ARE "THE PEOPLE"?

We are the people, we who think
  That building up's the thing;
There's too much talk of tearing down,
  Of loafing, loitering.
And getting paid while doing it
  More than it ought to bring.

We are the people, we who know—
  Our fathers understand!
That even work not to our taste,
  Nor bringing what it should,
Won't hurt us for a little time
  If for the common good.

We are the people, we who stand
  For progress slow but sure—
Who know that wrongs are righted by
  The will, first, to endure,
Then, heartily to work and find
  Constructive ways to cure.

We are the people, we who swear
  To live by law and right—
To carry on as days go by
  Our quiet, steady fight
That our America may hold
  Her torch undimmed and bright.

—Mabel Martin.

WHAT'S WEALTH?

A calm devotion to one's native sod,
That's wealth;
A faith implicit in the Living God,
That's wealth;
A few choice friends that feel life's fuller meaning;
Who sense reality yet prize the dreaming,
Who from the skies see knowledge ever streaming,
That's wealth.

A body sparkling with the health of youth,
That's wealth;
A mind serenely poised, restrained by truth,
That's wealth;
An eye that feeds on flowers and fields and skies,
That sees the heaven in a baby's eyes,
That finds in life the door to Paradise;
That's wealth.

A home among the trees, the blue above,
That's wealth;
The perfect goodness of a woman's love,
That's wealth;
The sense to grin when all the world looks wrong,
To take defeat with gameness and a song,
To smile a mile when worry comes along,
That's wealth.

—MANISTEE SCHOOL BULLETIN.

Contributed by
MRS. BLYTHE BECKROW, Saginaw, Mich.

THE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway
Came at evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm deep and dark and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream held no fear for him.
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time to build a bridge here,
Your journey will end with the close of day,
You never again will pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm so dark and wide,
Why build a bridge here at eventide?"

The builder lifted his old, gray head:
"Good friend, in the way I tread,
There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm which has been as naught to me,
To this fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

—(AUTHOR NOT KNOWN.)

Contributed by
MRS. FISCHER, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"WANTED!"

"Wanted," says your paper,
"Wanted" for a crime;
But there's more than criminals
"Wanted" all the time—
Wanted for the nursery,
Wanted for the school,
Wanted every hour of life
To work the Golden Rule.

Wanted in the workshop
To do a craftsman's task;
Wanted in the office
To do more than you ask;
Wanted in the council
To have no "truck" with graft;
Wanted in your business
To look before and aft.

Wanted in the sick-room
To tend the weak and faint;
Wanted down in slumland
To be a helpful saint;
Wanted in this dull world
To be a ray of sun;
"Wanted" up in Heaven
When the day is done.

—A. B. C., IN GRIT STORY SECTION.

Contributed by
MRS. J. DUFFY, Detroit.

"OTHERS"

Lord help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way,
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for—Others.

Help me in all the work I do,
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—Others.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain,
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for—Others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—Others.

Others, Lord, yes, others,
And none of "Self" for me.
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.

—CHARLES D. MEIGS.

Contributed by
MRS. T. HERBERT PERRY, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish, and if that be so why not now and where you stand.—R. L. STEVENSON.

DO NOT JUDGE TOO HARD

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps,
Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
Or struggled beneath his load.
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
Though hidden away from view,
Or the burdens he bears placed on your back,
Might cause you to stumble too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today,
Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall, or felt the same
That only the fallen know.
You may be strong, but still, the blows
That were his, if dealt to you
In the self-same way at the self-same time,
Might cause you to stagger too.

Don't be too harsh with the man who sins,
Or pelt him with words or stones,
Unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,
That you have not sins of your own;
For you know, perhaps, if the tempter's voice
Should whisper as soft to you,
As it did to him when he went astray,
'Twould cause you to falter too.

Contributed by
MRS. CHAS. BISHOP, Grosse Pointe.

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

This prayer was found on the walls of an old cathedral, in the little town of Chester on Avon in England. There is much robust common sense in it to this day:

"Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest,
Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry over much about the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord, give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life, and pass it on to other folk."

* * *

GOOD NATURE

As welcome as sunshine
In every place,
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face.
As genial as sunshine
Like warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word
From a good-natured heart.

Contributed by
MRS. FRANK ORAM, Detroit, Mich.

A MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
  As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
  The moment you have won it;
Forget the gossip that you hear
  Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
  Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
  To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
  And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made,
  And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
  And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
  That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
  Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
  Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
  True joys and hearts to love you.

—PRISCILLA LEONARD.

WATCHING YOURSELF GO BY

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I".
Watch closely, as in other men you note
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat;
Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you.
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know,
But undisguised contempts surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men.
Despise your cowardice; condemn what'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then—with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I",
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—ANON.

GOD'S PICTURE OF YOU AND ME

If everything we do each day
God photographed for us to see
And kept them with our records there,
What kind of pictures would they be?

Some of our acts we'd hate to see
Portrayed, of our example here
And all the small deceitful traits
That hurt and bring the bitter tear.

All that we do upon this earth
God surely keeps in record clear.
May we so live each day while here,
Of Judgment, we will have no fear.

Written and Contributed by
NELLIE M. SABLE, Wyandotte, Mich.

GOOD THOUGHTS

There are thoughts that inspire to lofty action, that put iron into the will, that expand the heart and mind. Our lives are going to be largely determined by our choice from all these thoughts. Every good thought we think lifts us up into its own world. Forceful, vigorous thoughts put tone and precision into the whole life. And yet, the life will rise no higher than the character of the thoughts we think.—ANON.

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that knows no end,
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
And before I know it, a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible pace.
He knows I like him just as well,
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine, we were youngsters then.
But now we are busy tired men,
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
Tomorrow, say, I will call on Jim,
Just to let him know I'm thinking of him,
But tomorrow comes, and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows,
Around the corner, yet miles away.
"A telegram, sir." Jim died today.
And that's what we get and deserve in the end,
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

—ANON.

Contributed by
R. A. TURRELL, Croswell, Mich.

* * *

FINER THINGS OF LIFE

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—THACKERAY

A CREED

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.
To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.
To think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.
To be just as enthusiastic about success of others as you are about your own.
To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.
To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.
To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.
To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.
To live in the faith that the world is on your side as long as you are true to the world.

—GALE SPAULDING.

Contributed by
MRS. EDITH CONNOR, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

THREADS OF GOLD

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptation—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—CANON FARRAR.

FORGET IT

Has someone played a scurvy trick?
FORGET IT.
Has someone soaked you with a brick?
FORGET IT.
Don't let the memory endure.
A scheme of vengeance will not cure
A single sore, you may be sure—
FORGET IT.

Has someone used your name in vain?
FORGET IT.
Don't call upon him to explain.
FORGET IT.
If you are straight and good and true
What matter what men say of you?
Don't fuss or pause the rag to chew—
FORGET IT.

—SELECTED.

* * *

LESSONS LEARNED

I learn as the years roll around and leave the past behind,
That much I've counted sorrow, but proves that God is kind,
That many a flower I longed for, had a hidden thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path, led to fields of ripened grain.

—WRITER UNKNOWN.

THIS I KNOW

I know not by what methods rare;
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know not when He sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh soon or late,
Therefore, we need to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.
I leave my prayers with Him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own.

—Eliza Abbott.

Contributed by
Mrs. W. A. Boo, Pontiac, Mich.

* * *

EACH HAS HIS NICHE

All are architects of Fate,
  Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
  Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
  Strengthens and supports the rest.

—Author Unknown.

TO A LITTLE PAIR OF MITTENS. . . .

(To my grandson)

There's a little pair of mittens on the hall tree
Trailed uneven to a lengthy woolen string;
One thumb is raveled out
And I haven't any doubt
That the other little thumb is on the wing.

They've been pals for 'most a week now, these two mittens,
And the woolen string is all that saves their life.
One of them almost got lost
When a bob-sled ran acrost
Its middle—in a hectic hour of strife.

There's the left one bulged where pennies hide for candy,
And the right one worn by ropes that pulled and saw'd.
And both tips are wet and stained
Where some puddle entertained
Sudden company, when the ice had thaw'd.

Like armor dents—the scars reveal the story
Of the episodes that crowd a busy day,
And I bless each little mitten
And the string of woolen knittin'.
That holds them so they cannot get away.

Written by
MARSEILLAINE MARTIN,
A Worthwhiler

JUST NOW

Never mind about tomorrow—
It always is today;
Yesterday has vanished,
Wherever, none can say.

Each minute must be guarded—
Made worth the while somehow;
There are no other moments,
It always is: JUST NOW.

Just now, is the hour that's golden,
The moment to defend.
Just now, is without beginning.
Just now, can never end.

Then never mind tomorrow—
'Tis today you must endow
With all that's true and noble
And the time for this is—NOW!

—WRITER UNKNOWN.

* * *

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Contributed by
ISABEL KARER, Detroit.

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS

Oh, mother, so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morn until night;
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's voices,
For a sweet childish face at the door,
And to press a child's face to your bosom,
You'd give all the world for just this.
For the comfort 'twill give you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

UNNAMED

There are two kinds of persons on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say!
Not the sinner and Saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I mean
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

Contributed by
Mrs. A. O. Wood, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults; look for what is good and strong; and try to imitate it; your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their times come.—Ruskin.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

In a little white house on the hillside green,
Lives a beautiful woman as ever was seen;
In the sixty-five years that she's lived, I may say,
She's been growing more beautiful every day.
You do not believe it? Ask Susie, my sister,
She's the very first person that ever had kissed her.
And if she'd not nursed her by night and by day,
Poor Sue would have been in a very bad way.
I can bring other witnesses whom you may face,
They will tell you the same—they were in the same case.
"Has she lovers?" Yes, surely! No less than eleven!
She has seven on earth, and four more up in heaven.
Her hair is so beautiful—faded and thin;
There are beautiful wrinkles from forehead to chin;
Her eyes are as charming as charming can be
When she looks o'er her glasses so fondly at me;
And I know by her life, which has beautiful been,
She is like "the king's daughter"—"all glorious within".
Ah, you've guessed who it is! It could be no other,
I'm sure, than my beautiful, darling old mother.

—SELECTED.

* * *

You are building each moment in architect's role
A character dwelling, a home for the soul.
So, while you are building, don't patter and slack,
Just build a fine mansion, not merely a shack.

SATISFIED

Each day, I find there're pots and pans
That must be washed and dried;
There're meals to cook, and floors to clean,
Yet—I am satisfied.

My hands were given me to work
For those I hold most dear;
My heart, to love and cherish them,
To comfort and to cheer.

And as I labor I can dream,
And in my dreaming see,
The all-wise Father thought 'twas well
To plan these things for me.

And though I wear no crown of fame,
No love has been denied;
And if God thinks this way is best,
Then—I am satisfied.

—Anna M. Carroll.

LOOK FORWARD

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could, some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense.—Emerson.

LORD OF POTS AND PANS

Lord of all pots and pans and things; since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals, and washing up the plates.

Altho I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind;
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth, what time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worrying, and make all grumbling cease,
Thou Who didst love to give men food, in room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto Thee.

—Cecily Hallack.

* * *

JUST LIFE

Sunshine today and rain tomorrow,
Hard toil, some play, a little sorrow,
A smile, a tear, a bit of strife,
A Friendship dear, yes—This is life.
Sweet years of love and then to part,
A soul above a broken heart,
The weary way alone to go
'Tis life they say, just life—I know.

Contributed by
Mrs. Mary Podas, Chelsea, Mich.

TODAY!

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but Today,
Grasp it, and teach it to obey.

Your will and plan. Since time began
Today has been the friend of man.

You and Today! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time;

With God himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! Attain!

—ANON.

Contributed by
MRS. EDMUND WINEGAR, Willoughby, Ohio.

* * *

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

No one has ever added up the value of a smile.
We know how much is a dollar's worth and how much is a mile;
We know the distance to the sun, the size and weight of earth;
But no one here can tell us just how much a smile is worth.

A SMILE

A smile is a very funny thing.
It wrinkles up your face,
And when it's gone
We never find its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do.
You smile at one, he smiles at you;
And so, one smile makes two.

He smiles at someone, since you've smiled,
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles until, in truth,
We fail in keeping track.

Now, since a smile can do much good,
In cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere.

Contributed by
VERNA M. SCHWAB, Sarnia, Ont.

KINDNESS

So many Gods, so many creeds
So many ways that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—WILCOX.

"WHEN YOUTH HAS FLED"

(A Prayer)

I pray when youth has fled
That I may not lose hope,
But find new roads and onward march
Through fields of broader scope.

I pray when youth has fled
That I may find new life,
And have the faith to still keep on
Through paths of toil and strife.

I pray when youth has fled
That I may find new beauty,
A loveliness of heart and soul
Along the path of duty.

—ISABEL MERTON.

Contributed by
MYRTLE B. CURTIS, Hillsdale, Mich.

THOUGHT

We build our future, thought by thought,
For good or ill, yet know it not.
Yet, so the universe was wrought.
Thought is another name for fate;
Choose, then, thy destiny and wait,
For love brings love, and hate brings hate.

—ANON.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
And time and pain have left their mark
On hand, and heart and brow.
Alas! alas, the nearing time—
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands must folded be.

But, oh! beyond the shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
When crystal streams, thru endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—Ellen M. H. Gates.

AMBITION

I'd like to be a friend of those
I meet from day to day;
I'd like to help them all I can
Along life's rugged way.
I'd like to do the little things,
That oft are left undone;
And give the little help by which
Great victories are won.

I'd like to say the little words,
That folks so like to hear;
I'd like to clasp their hand, and smile,
Their lonesome hearts to cheer.
And when I sing my "Sweet Swan" song,
If deeds I've done unkind,
I'd like to take them all along.
Leave naught but good behind.

—R. H. RICHARDSON.

Contributed by
MRS. HALLIE TAYLOR, Lima, Ohio

* * *

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Careful with fire is good advice we know,
Careful with words in the times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Contributed by
MRS. LEE DAVIS, Pontiac Mich.

LIFE

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woe; no path is wholly rough.
Look out for places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of moral discontent and grief, and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off without
Your utter ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.
No one shall grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health; the dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

Contributed by
MRS. HALLIE TAYLOR, Lima, Ohio.

* * *

Mark Twain said:

"God hath put something noble and good into every heart which His hand created."

FOR HAPPINESS

A little more kindness, a little less speed;
A little more giving, a little less greed;
A little more smile, a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we," a little less "I";
A little more laugh, a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life;
And fewer on graves, at the end of the strife.

—Author Unknown.

Contributed by
Mrs. Razook, Pontiac, Mich.

* * *

DEFINITION OF CHRISTIANITY

In the home, it is kindness.
In business, it is honesty.
In society, it is courtesy.
In work, it is thoroughness.
In play, it is fairness.
Toward the fortunate, it is congratulations.
Toward the unfortunate, it is pity.
Toward the weak, it is help.
Toward the wicked, it is resistance.
Toward the strong, it is trust.
Toward the penitent, it is forgiveness.
Toward God, it is reverence and love.

Contributed by
Mrs. Bert Stowell, Pontiac, Mich.

"BE THE BEST"

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley, but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill.
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
If you can't be a tree, be a bit of the grass
And happier some highway make.
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass,
But the liveliest bass in the lake.

We can't all be captain; there has to be crew.
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do, and lesser to do
And the work we must do is the near.
If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail.
If you can't be a sun, be a star.
It isn't by size that you win or you fail.
Be the best of whatever you are.

—ANON.

Contributed by
EVELYN FELLOWS, Blenheim, Ontario.

* * *

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud;
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
And your spine is feeling proud;
Don't forgit to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue.
For the minute that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

THE TOUR OF A SMILE

"My papa smiled this morning, when
  He came downstairs, you see,
At mamma; and when he smiled, then
  She turned and smiled at me;
And when she smiled at me I went
  And smiled at Mary Ann
Out in the kitchen, and she lent
  It to the hired man.

"So then he smiled at someone whom
  He saw going by,
Who also smiled, and ere he knew
  Had twinkles in his eye;
So he went to his office then,
  And smiled right at his clerk,
Who put some ink upon his pen
  And smiled back from his work.

"So when the clerk went home he smiled
  Right at his wife, and she
Smiled over at their little child
  As happy as could be;
And then the little child, she took
  The smile to school, and when
She smiled at teacher from her book,
  Teacher smiled back again.

"And the teacher passed on one
To little James McBride,
Who couldn't get his lessons done
No matter how he tried;
And James he took it home, and told
How teacher smiled at him
When he was tired, and didn't scold,
But said, 'Don't worry, Jim!'

"And when I happened to be there
That very night to play,
His mother had a smile to spare,
Which came across my way;
And then I took it after awhile
Back home, and mamma said,
'Here is that very selfsame smile
Come back with us to bed!' "

—SELECTED.

Contributed by
MRS. C. E. BENTLEY, St. Thomas, Ont.

* * *

As feeble babes that suffer,
Fuss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;

So when we are weak and wretched
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

—SAXE HOLM.

THE SADDEST THING

Like bread without the spreadin',
  Like bread pudding without sauce,
Like a mattress without stuffin',
  Like a cart without a hoss,
Like a door without a latchstring,
  Like a fence without a stile,
Like a dry and barren creek bed
  Is a face without a smile.

—ANON.

Contributed by
MRS. ALTON WESTOVER, Greenville, Mich.

* * *

IF

If by an act, you cause someone to suffer,
  If by a word, one bitter tear to flow,
If by a thought, cause one of these to stumble
  And fall, in life's rough pathway as they go;

If by a look, some gentle heart you've broken,
  If by a deed, some wrong you ne'er can right,
What can you answer yonder judge who knoweth,
  When you are called into His presence bright?

Written and Contributed by
NELLIE M. SABLE, Wyandotte, Mich.

THE LOVE THAT NEVER DIES

The glad, joyous days of childhood will vanish,
Flowers will bud, then bloom and decay;
The birds will depart, the clouds swiftly banish
The sunshine that brightens our pathway today;
Loved ones will die, ties will be broken,
Hearts will be crushed with sorrow and pain;
Lips will be sealed—no word be spoken
Telling us if we shall meet them again.

Soon, ah too soon, we wander from mother,
Forgetting the kisses her dear lips have pressed;
Saying goodbye—maybe forever,
For birds don't return to last summer's nest;
We may wander as aliens from home and from country,
Forgetting each friendship, forgetting each friend;
But a mother's pure love will follow us ever,
And her prayers forever to heaven ascend.

Some hearts may be true, some friends may be faithful,
Never forsaking when all goeth well,
But when the sorrows of life sweep upon us
Where are the friendships? No one can tell.
Faces will frown; hearts they will harden,
Those whom we trusted will leave us alone,
But dear old Mother will always be yearning,
Weeping and praying—and waiting—at home.

—Will D. Muse, *in Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

"THIS FREEDOM"

You say it is good to see me free
To go and come as it pleases me.
Not bound by duty to one at home
To stay and fret when I'd longed to roam.
You think it good? Had I thought so too
My punishment is—that it is not true!

For I turned my key in the lock one day
And blithely started my selfish way;
Leaving behind me no one to wait
And long for my coming or soon or late,
For death had entered and set me free
To go and come as it pleases me.

But what though I traveled far and fast
Loneliness followed, and found me at last!
For there's no one to care if I go or stay,
And no one to grieve though I'm long away.
None to rejoice when my spirit tires
And I turn my face to my own home fires.

And I say to you, it is better far
To stay content where your loved ones are;
Then to claim the world as a rambling place
And find at its end no love-lit face.
Someone to need us is God's best gift.
Hearts break only when such bonds lift!

Contributed by
MAUDE E. S. HYMERS, Pontiac.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

I wish that there were some wonderful place
  Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
  And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door
  And never be put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
  Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
  The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
  For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do,
  But forgot, and remembered too late.
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
  And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
  The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
  In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom
      we grudged
  Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
  More than penitent lips could explain.

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

—Lewis Fletcher Tarkington.

* * *

REAL LIFE

The true gentleman is the man whose conduct proceeds from good will and an acute sense of propriety, and whose self-control is equal to all emergencies; who does not make the poor man conscious of his poverty, the obscure man of his obscurity, or any man of his inferiority or deformity; who is himself humbled if necessity compel him to humble another; who does not flatter wealth, cringe before power, or boast of his own possessions or achievements; who speaks with frankness, but always with sincerity and sympathy, and whose deed follows his word; who thinks of the rights and feelings of others rather than of his own; who appears well in any company and who is at home when he seems to be abroad—a man with whom honor is sacred.

—Forbes Magazine.

BE THANKFUL

I'm thankful, as I ought to be,
For all I may possess
Of worldly goods, and fickle health,
And blessings—more or less;
Of gratitude for all I have
I tender every jot,
But most of all, I'm thankful for
The things I haven't got!

An elephant, a home in jail,
A squint, are some of these;
A bungalow in Greenland, and
Rheumatics of the knees.
I count my blessings one by one,
And own to quite a lot;
And then I count my lovely lacks—
The things I haven't got!

No one can be so poor in lacks
As not to claim a few,
And no one lacks so many things
He'd not lack others, too.
One can be always thankful,
If he owns the earth or not—
The world will still be full of things
And things, he hasn't got!

—Virginia Woods Mackall.

Contributed by
Mrs. Geo. Gibson, Morenci, Mich.

TREASURE

She was telling me of her new found joy—
A gorgeous gown—a motor car;
But I have the love of a little boy,
And I know what real joys are.

A costly necklace that was hers,
Each gem a matched and perfect pearl;
How different that which each treasures,
My jewel, a tiny girl.

Contributed by
DOROTHY ROBERTS, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

LEND A HAND

If we can help each other as we march along
Life's pathway, which to some is sad and dreary,
Or, lift the load from shoulders not so strong as ours,
And lend a hand to those who have grown weary,
If I can do this, then content I'll be,
For making others happy
Will bring happiness to me.

Contributed by
MRS. C. L. FLOCKENCIER, Crestline, Ohio.

* * *

The greatest truth may lie in smallest things,
The greatest good in what we most despise,
The greatest light may break from darkest skies,
The greatest chord from e'en the weakest strings.

"There are times when a human voice speaking tenderly, or one act of impassioned sympathy, will lift the burden of overwhelming loneliness of the heart, will heal and comfort one who is stretchd upon a rack of thought. It may be our lot in our home, or among our friends, to light on such an hour, to have the chance of giving sympathy to one who is left alone, who needs one word of comprehension, or one silent act of loving kindness, to lift him from the trouble of his loneliness. Be ready to seize the hour; have the heart to see the heart of your friend, your child, your brother man; and let them feel you understand."

—STOPFORD BROOKE.

* * *

THIS I HAVE LEARNED

I have learned as the years rolled around,
Leaving the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow,
But proves that our God is kind;
That many a flower I longed for
Had hidden thorns of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine,
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light,
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has dimmed from our hearts away;
And those that never knew sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.

We must live through the dreary winter
If we would value the spring
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must lie buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the purest joy of all,
And from lips that have tasted sorrow
The sweetest songs will fall;
For as peace comes after suffering
And love is reward for pain,
So after earth is Heaven
And out of our loss is the gain.

—By G. M. Rea.

Contributed by
Mrs. Flo McCarty, *Hillsdale, Mich.*

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

(The following poem, without name of author, was discovered in a country newspaper by Mr. Morgan, of the banking firm of Morgan, Drexel & Co., who carried it in his pocket for several years, occasionally reading it to his friends. Inquiries for copies of it were so frequent that he finally had it printed for distribution.)

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow,
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
  Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
  Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
  By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
  Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver:
He will make each seed to grow
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Contributed by
RUTH GRIGSBY.

THE SUNSHINE MAKER

Just a little deed of kindness,
That is all we need to know;
Just one little song of courage
As along through life we go.
O, so many hearts are aching
All along life's troubled way;
O, the little smiles of sunshine
We might scatter every day.

Just a little word of kindness,
That is all we need to give,
Souls bowed down will grasp the sunshine,
When they learn the way to live.
There's a thousand jewels beaming
In our hearts and lives each day.
All we need is change of spirit
Just to brighten up the way.

Just a little deed of kindness
When the sun is sinking low;
Just a handclasp giv'n with smiling,
That is all we need to know.
O, so many hearts are aching
For a little word of cheer!
O, the countless gifts we're wasting
That we might be giving here!

Contributed by
MRS. EVAH CRAMER, OWOSSO, MICH.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.—JOHNSON.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—BARRIE.

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.—AVEBURY.

Contributed by
MRS. M. A. HULS, St. John, Mich.

A FRIENDLY CREED

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those around me,
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better.
Those whom I am striving for.
Let me be a little braver
When temptations bid me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker,
Let me think more of my neighbor,
And a little less of me.

—ANON.

Contributed by
CLARISSA E. WARNKE, Huron, Ohio.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day!
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do!

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever the good God sent
With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray.
And be what the Father would have us to be,
If we had but a day!

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

Contributed by
Lena Read Wimple.

THE BRIDGE YOU'LL NEVER CROSS

It's what you think that makes the world
Seem sad or gay to you;
Your mind may color all things gray
Or make them radiant hue.
Be glad today, be true and wise,
Distinguish gold from dross;
Waste neither time nor thought about
The bridge you'll never cross.

There's useful work for you to do.
For hand and brain and heart;
There's urgent human service, too,
In which to take your part;
Make every opportunity
A worth-while gain, not loss;
The best is yours, so do not fear
The bridge you'll never cross.

If life seems drab and difficult,
Just face it with a will;
You do not have to work alone
Since God is with you still.
Press on with courage toward the goal,
With Truth your shield emboss;
Be strong, look up, and just ignore
The bridge you'll never cross.

—SELECTED.

Contributed by
MRS. J. LEARY, Albion, Mich.

WORTHWHILE TASKS

The day is warm. A gentle breeze
  Affords but small relief,
The work is hard, and mother's tasks
  Are quite beyond belief.

They stagger me. Must I give up
  All joy and slave the while?
Just then I glance across the room
  And see my baby's smile.

That answers me. But yet again,
  Another time I chafe.
Life seems to be but sacrifice
  The future is it safe?

Then Son and Daughter skipping come
  With, "Mother, we want you."
Whate'er I need to do for them
  Seems not too much to do.

Tho' life holds much of interest,
  What can there equal be
To feeding souls and bodies for
  Time and eternity?

—Grace Filkins Lannen.

* * *

IMMORTALITY

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully, and cheerfully as we can.—Henry Van Dyke.

A LITTLE WORD

As a candle in the night
Sends abroad its cheerful light,
So a little word may be
Like a lighthouse in the sea.

"I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me—can't refuse it;
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it;
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I lose it;
Give account if I abuse it;
Just a tiny little minute;
But eternity is in it."

* * *

If I knew you, and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would open pleasantly
If I knew you and you knew me.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

ENOUGH TO KNOW

I know not how, nor when, nor why,
I can but this, on God rely;
His truth, His love eternal flow;
God's Life! This is enough to know.

I rest content whate'er betide,
For love and peace with me abide;
I care not how my footsteps go,
God guides! This is enough to know.
I know not when I shall forsake
All sin, and in His likeness wake,
But to Christ's stature I shall grow,
God reigns! This is enough to know.

I know not why sometimes I fall,
Seem to forget that God is All,
I grasp his outstretched arms, and lo!
God is! This is enough to know.

—Frances S. Clark.

Contributed by
Mrs. R. Sidebottom, Detroit.

* * *

He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
But he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere.

AN EVENING PRAYER

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof. Be patient still; suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies.

Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest. If any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow—strong to endure it.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Contributed by
MRS. E. F. HODGES, Wauseon, Ohio.

* * *

LAUGH

Laugh a little now and then
It brightens life a lot;
You can see the brighter side
Just as well as not.
Don't go mournfully around,
Gloomy and forlorn;
Try to make your fellowmen,
Glad that you were born.

—MISS E. M. WALTON, *Croswell, Mich.*

FAIRY DAY

I walked to work through fairyland
  And, oh, it seemed to me
That hosts of tiny fairy folk
  Were singing in each tree.

Each curling twig and blade of grass
  Was wrapped in silver frost.
Beneath a rug of softest gray
  The nakedness was lost.

The sky was amber, pearl and rose,
  The morning star was pale;
The fairy folk were hastening home
  Before the moon should fail.

The fairy songs so winged my heart,
  The frost so shod my feet,
That daily tasks seemed far away—
  And fairy voices sweet.

And so I walked in loveliness,
  And stored enough away
To silver o'er my morning walk
  Some dark un-fairy day.

—H. C. Howes,
A Worthwhiler.

A PRAYER FOR WOMANKIND

God, give each true good woman
Her own small house to keep—
No heart should ache with longing
No hurt should go too deep—
Grant her age-old desire:
A house to love and sweep.

Give her a man beside her—
A kind man—and a true—
And let them work together,
And love—a lifetime through,
And let her mother children
As gentle women do.

Give her a shelf for dishes,
And a shining box for bread;
A white cloth for her table,
And a white spread for her bed;
A shaded lamp at nightfall,
And a row of books much read.

God, let her work with laughter
And let her rest with sleep—
No life can truly offer
A peace more sure and deep—
God, give each true good woman
Her own small house to keep.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

Contributed by
MRS. E. W. CLARK, St. Mary's, Ontario.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

Not "How did he die?"
  But "How did he live?"
Not "What did he gain?"
  But "What did he give?"

These are the units to measure the worth
Of a man, as a man, regardless of birth.

Not "What was his station?"
  But "Had he a heart?"
And "How did he play
  His God-given part?"

Was he ever ready, with a smile of good cheer,
To bring back a smile? To banish a tear?

Not "What was his church?"
  Not "What was his creed?"
But "Had he befriended
  Those really in need?"

Not "What did the sketch in the newspaper say?"
But "How many were sorry when he passed away?"

—Author Unknown.

Contributed by
Mrs. Jos. Gillespie, Gaines, Mich.

THE GREATEST POSSESSION

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

—Euripides.

JUST SMILE

Does the world seem dark and dreary,
And you feel so sad and blue?
Do you wish that you were living
Anywhere but where you do?
Do you wish the sun were shining
Just for you a little while?
There's a way to bring the sunshine—
Just smile.

Though the dark clouds hang above you,
Soon the sun'll be shining through,
And the work you do now helps you
To the work you'd like to do.
Gloom ne'er helped a soul rise skyward,
Nor should weary hours beguile,
If you want to see the sunshine,
Just smile.

—MINNIE MCKENZIE RASER.

Contributed by
MRS. D. H. BEATHAM, Jackson, Mich.

* * *

"My life must touch a million lives
In some way ere I go
From this dear world of struggle
To the land I do not know,
So this is the wish I always wish,
The prayer I ever pray:
Let my life help the other lives
It touches by the way."

LIFT

When your load has heavy grown,
  Put your shoulder to the wheel.
If it's courage that you lack,
Keep your eye along the track,
Clench your hands and bend your back—
  Lift with all your strength and zeal.

Don't let go because you failed;
  Don't lose faith because you lost.
Turn reverses into gain;
Lift your mind above the strain;
Lift with all your might and main—
  You have powers you can't exhaust.

If your efforts count for naught,
  Though you struggle night and day,
Keep on going, don't retreat;
Furnish proof that you can meet,
Single-handed, each defeat.
  Lift your hindrance out the way.

There's a truth we all have learned:
  Better far to lift than lean.
Lift when other shoulders ache;
Lift when hearts of others break;
Lift with faith you cannot shake—
  THEN you'll know what life can mean.

Written by
ELIA FLATT KELLER, *Hudson, Michigan.*

A PRAYER

I pray that all the little things,
The cares of every day
That sometimes seem endowed with wings
To speed along my way,
May seem so trivial and small,
I shall not notice them at all.

I pray that when I wake each morn
My lips shall know a smile,
That not one thought of pride or scorn
Will seem to me worth while,
But all the finest things I know
In loveliness will grow and grow.

I pray that when at eventide
The sun sinks in the west,
Within my soul there may abide
A time of calm and rest.
That from the quiet of each night,
I shall find strength to walk aright.

—Beatrice McDonald.

* * *

Build a little fence of trust around today,
Fill the space with loving deeds and therein stay;

Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow,
God will help you bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

—Mary Frances Butts.

TO LIVE WITH MYSELF

I have to live with myself and so
I want myself to be fit to know,
I want to be able as days go by,
To look myself straight in the eye.

I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I don't want to keep on the closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself.
And fool myself as I come and go,
Into thinking no one else will know.

The kind of a woman I really am.
I don't want my life to be a sham.
I have to live with myself and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.

—Jennie White.

Contributed by
Mrs. J. W. Bailey, Midland, Mich.

* * *

It is doing the little extras,
Things you're not asked to do;
The favors that help one's brother
To trust in God and you.

It is doing, I say, the extras,
The things not looked for, you know,
That will bring us our King's kind notice,
A "well done," as on we go.

—Author Unknown.

ALL THINGS COME RIGHT

All things come right, and be it soon or late,
All things come right at last to compensate.
For all the petty heartaches of today,
For all the little failures on our way,
For all our seeming sorrows it appears,
Are real blessings in a mask of tears.
So if success be tardy at our call,
It is to test our courage, that is all.
And in the end each heart will seek its rest
Beside the one it always loved the best
And the darkest hour holds the brightest light,
And all things come right.

—Writer Unknown.

Contributed by
Mrs. C. S. Church, Royal Oak, Mich.

* * *

LEST THOU FORGET

Speak naught of him who deserves no praise,
There may be still some good within;
Some unknown, noble thought may stir
The soul we think so dark with sin.
Speak no ill, for it may be
He doeth good—unknown to thee.
Think long, think well, lest thou forget
And write some word on Life's fair page,
Thou must—in time—regret.

—Jessie Chamberlain Smith, *Marion, Ohio*

PRAYER AT DAWN

Let me awake as though I'd known no weeping,
  Let me arise as though I'd felt no pain.
In the new dawn my soul and spirit steeping,
  Let me forget that yesterday was vain.

Let me go forth as though yet undefeated,
  Dew on my feet and sunshine on my brow,
Gladly by brook and bird and blossom greeted.
  Lord of Light, let me be happy now.

Let me press on with courage unabating,
  Patience to wait and faith enough to pray.
Thou, God, whose Love rewardeth all our waiting,
  Oh, let me come into my own today.

Contributed by
V. Corinne Pape.

* * *

WORK

Just where you stand in the conflict
  There is your place.
Just when you think you are useless,
  Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
  Whatever it may be.
Think! He has chosen it for you,
  Work Loyally.

—Anon.

Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way.
He has no tongue but our tongues
To tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.

What if our hands are busy
With other work than His.
What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurement is.
What if our lips are speaking
Of things His lips would spurn,
How can we hope to help Him
And hasten His return?

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Contributed by
MRS. ALEX. ROSS, Oxford.

* * *

"Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength and knowledge gained for yourself."—JOHN RUSKIN.

* * *

It's the songs you sing and the smiles you wear
That make the sunshine everywhere.

Contributed by
MRS. CHAS. E. DENNISTON, Pontiac, Mich.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Life is like a journey
Taken on a train,
With a pair of travelers
At each window pane.
I may sit beside you
All the journey through
Or I may sit elsewhere,
Never knowing you.
But if fate should mark me
To sit by your side,
Let's be pleasant travelers;
It's so short a ride.

—Erie Railroad Magazine.

Contributed by
C. E. Warnke, Huron, Ohio.

* * *

DO IT NOW

When you've got a job to do,
Do it now!
If it's one you wish was through,
Do it now!
If you're sure the job's your own,
Just tackle it alone.
Don't hem and haw and groan.
Do it now!

—Anon.

IF WE KNEW

If I knew you and you knew me,
'Tis seldom we would disagree;
But, never having yet clasped hands,
Neither fully understands
That each intends to do what's right,
And treat the other "honor bright."
How little cause for "kicks" there'd be
If I knew you and you knew me.

When we're guilty of some slight mistake,
Or in our bill some error make,
From irritation you'd be free
If I knew you and you knew me;
Or, when renewals are behind
And friends don't even "drop a line,"
We might wait without anxiety
If I knew you and you knew me.

Contributed by
MRS. BENTLEY, St. Thomas, Ontario

* * *

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why can't we be like that old bird?

TRUE REST

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving
This highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

Contributed by
MRS. KATHERINE S. GROOMES, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

* * *

Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,

Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest,

Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

—UNKNOWN.

THE DAY AS A PRAYER

I've made the porridge and wiped things clean
And got Dick off by the eight-fifteen;
I've mixed the pudding and darned Bob's shirt,
And mended the hole in Joan's best skirt,
And Dick comes back with one of his colds,
And the laundered tablecloth's torn in the folds,
And a jug fell out of Elizabeth's hand
And broke a bowl and my teapot stand.
And now, as I set my foot on the stairs,
I remember this morning, I said no prayers.
. . . I'm a wicked woman, O Lord, I know.
But my feet are so tired they'll hardly go,
And I haven't a thought in the whole of my head—
Could you take the day as a prayer instead?

Contributed by
DORA M. BROOME, *in The Observer.*

* * *

"THE MAN WHO WINS"

The man who wins is an average man,
Not built on any particular plan,
Not blest with any particular luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.
When asked a question he does not "guess"—
He knows and answers "no" or "yes."
When set to a task the rest can't do

He buckles down 'til he puts it through.
So he works and waits; 'til one fine day,
There's a better job with bigger pay.
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are "bossed" by the man whose work made good.
For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks—
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries.

—T. W. Gavin.

* * *

THINGS TO FORGET AND REMEMBER

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear,
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.
Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

—Anon.

GOOD MORNING

How do you say "Good Morning"
At the dawn of a brand new day?
Oh, it makes such a lot of difference
The kind of Good Morning you say.
Does it give your loved ones new courage
To fight the battles of life
With a song in the heart and head held high
No matter how dreary the strife?

How do you say "Good Morning"
To the friend you meet on the street?
Does it make him feel glad he met you,
Make his heart a bit faster beat?
Does the sun shine a little brighter,
Does life seem more worthwhile,
Because of your cheery greeting,
And the flash of a sunny smile?

Written by
Mrs. Alex. Ross, Oxford, Mich.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,

Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child,

Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,

Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song,

* * *

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known what trouble you were bearing,
What griefs were in the silence of your face,
I would have been more gentle and more caring
And tried to give you gladness for a space.
I would have brought more warmth into the place
If I had known.

If I had known what thoughts despairing drew you
(Why do we never try to understand?)
I would have lent a little friendship to you,
And slipped my hand within your lonely hand,
And made your stay more pleasant in the land.
If I had known.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

MOTHER'S FACE

Three little boys talked together
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window,
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
One of the little boys said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
Said the second little lad,
"Was a pony at the circus;
I wanted him very bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,
With a grave and gentle grace,
"That the prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother's face."

* * *

THE STAR

I think God sang when He had made
A bough of apple bloom,
And placed it close against the sky
To whiten in the gloom.
But, oh, when He had hung a star
Above a blue, blue hill,
I think God in His ecstasy
Was startled . . . and was still.

—BEATRICE REDPATH.

DEAR HANDS

Oh, dear hands that I love so well,
They're neither white nor fair.
They're wrinkled and they're old and tired,
But how I love that pair.

Oh, those dear hands are dearer far
Than heaps and heaps of gold.
I love them just the way they are.
I love them 'cause they're old.

Yes, folks, I mean my mother's hands.
None with them can compare.
You couldn't find a pair as sweet
If you looked everywhere.

How good those hands have felt when they
Have smoothed my fevered brow.
A million dollars couldn't buy
Those dear hands from me now.

When just a child and filled with fear,
I'd waken, scared at night.
Those dearest hands would quiet me
And make things seem all right.

How many times those hands have held
My hands, when deep in pain,
And nursed me through each illness,
Brought me back to health again.

How often have those dear old hands
Ironed late into the night
To get things ready so when I
Went out I'd look just right.

A mother's hands will toil for you
From morn 'til setting sun,
And she will often finish tasks
That others have begun.

I wouldn't give those loving hands
For others white as snow.
There's just one pair in all this world,
And, oh, I love them so.

Some day I know I'm going to see
Those hands in sweet repose,
And then, and only then, I'll know
Their toil is at a close.

Why don't we ever stop to think
How tired those hands must be
And try and save them all we can
By helping willingly?

Other hands there are that's fairer,
But oh, say, can't you see
No other hands can take the place
Of those dear hands with me.

—Mrs. Ted Lenore.

Contributed by
Mrs. Henry Hirst, Detroit.

YOU JUST NEED HIM!

When the color has faded out of your sky
And the days are long and sad;
And your lonely spirit cries out within,
For something to make you glad:
Then turn to your God:
'Tis the one thing to do;
For you just need *Him,*
And *He* wants you!

When clamoring duties at every step,
Are meeting you through the day;
With a weary body, and quivering nerves,
And a heart too tired to pray—
Then turn to your God:
'Tis the one thing to do;
For you just need *Him,*
And *He* wants you!

When you hunger and thirst, you know not why,
And long for some hidden spring
Or you grieve as the days are passing by,
For joys that have taken wing.
Then turn to your God:
'Tis the one thing to do;
For you just need *Him,*
And *He* wants you!

When the uphill road seems rough to your feet,
And the climbing steeper grows—
When failure meets you at every step,
And you battle in vain with foes;
Then turn to your God:
'Tis the one thing to do;
For you just need *Him*,
And Oh, *He* wants you.

Contributed by
Mrs. J. P. Hammond, Highland Park, Mich.

* * *

GIVE

Give—as the morning that flows out of heaven,
Give—as the waves when their channel is riven,
Give—as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, joyfully, utterly give.

Not the waste drops from thy cup overflowing,
Not a faint spark from thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from thy June roses blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy heart like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters forever and ever
O'er the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful thou nearest the sea.

Pour out thy life as the summer shower pouring;
What if no bird through the pearlrain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Thus the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses—
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.

What if the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired body reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines upon ruins which cling.

Soon will the days of thy giving be over—
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
What will thy longing avail in the grave?

Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking;
Soon at life's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gifts that He gave!

—Author Unknown.

Contributed by
Elva Grisdale, Birmingham, Mich.

ADVICE TO DADS

Are you a dad
Whom your small lad
  Can tell his troubles to,
Who'd happy be
If he felt free
  To make a pal of you?

As you look back
Along the track
  Of bitter years and glad
You'll find few things
More pleasure bring
  Than being with your lad.

In his young mind
His woes, we find,
  To him seem very real.
Can he depend
On dad, a friend
  To whom he can appeal?

If you are keen
To keep him clean
  (This fathers all should do),
You must find out
What he's about
  When he is not with you.

Then train his mind
To think the kind
  Of thoughts you know are right.
With dad along
He'll not go wrong,
  His world will all be bright.

Written and Contributed by
JOHN PLUMB, Owosso, Mich.

THE TOY-STREWN HOUSE

Give me the house where the toys are strewn,
  Where the dolls are asleep in the chairs,
Where the building blocks and the toy balloon,
  And the soldiers guard the stairs;
Let me step in a house where the tiny cart
  With its horses rules the floor,
And rest comes into my weary heart
  For I am at home once more.

Give me the house with the toys about,
  With the battered old train of cars,
The box of paints and the books left out
  And the ship with her broken spars;
Let me step in a house at the close of day
  That is littered with children's toys,
And dwell once more in the haunts of play
  With the echoes of by-gone noise.

Give me the house where the toys are seen,
  The house where the children romp,
And I'll happier be than man has been
  'Neath the gilded dome of pomp.
Let me see the litter of bright-eyed play
  Strewn over the parlor floor,
And the joys I knew in a far-off day
  Will gladden my heart once more.

Whoever has lived in a toy-strewn home,
Though feeble he be and gray,
Will yearn, no matter how far he roam,
For the glorious disarray
Of the little home with its littered floor
That was his in the by-gone days
And his heart will throb as it throbbed before
When he rests where a baby plays.

* * *

AN EVENING PRAYER

Forgive us for the smiles we failed to give—
Smiles on which saddened hearts may live—
And yet—and yet we failed to give!

Forgive us for the words we've left unsaid—
Words that feed hungry hearts like bread,
And yet—and yet were left unsaid.

And for the little deeds we've left undone,
That might have cheered some lonely one—
And yet—and yet were left undone.

Forgive us, Thou who knowest us so well,
That we have failed our love to tell
By smiles and words, and deeds as well.

—O. H., in the Presbyterian Standard.

Contributed by
Mrs. Ed. Appel, New Hamburg, Ontario.

THE DOOR

I have a hold on heaven.
It is a precious thing,
And sometimes heaven is so close
I hear the angels sing.
A light breaks through the floating clouds,
A door just left ajar,
And I can see its glories
And its wonders from afar.

I have a hold on heaven.
It is a tiny boy,
A little helpless baby,
Who came to bring me joy;
Then went so far away that I
Might hold him nevermore
'Til God should let me pass inside
That bright and shining door.

I have a hold on heaven.
When all the world seems wrong,
I try to find that open door
And hear the angel's song.
And when the light comes streaming down,
I breathe a happy prayer—
I've found the path to heaven, because
My baby's waiting there.

—BEATRICE McDONALD.

Contributed by
A WORTHWHILER.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear;
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear;
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now, we do our task.
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Contributed by
MRS. F. S. ALLEN, Bellevue, Mich.

WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded with care;
I'll help to lift them from their despair—
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with sweetest words of praise—
When I have time.

When you have time, the friend you loved so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content—
When you had time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

Contributed by
Miss Carrie Crankshaw, Adrian, Mich.

MOTHER'S CHAIR

What comfort broods about its form,
  What homely grace invites the eye;
How oft, through childhood's sudden storm,
  It crooned its creaking lullaby.
Ah, not the least among its charms,
  Those gentle noises day by day,
While safe within my mother's arms
  My baby griefs were rocked away.

And how we toddlers laughed and played
  In ceaseless chatter at its side,
As back and forth it slowly swayed,
  And mother busy needles plied
To tog us out from head to feet—
  A sweater, cap, or bit of lace
So filmy-fine 'twas surely meet
  The baby's 'broidered robe to grace.

Then home from school, by love made bold,
  We captured her without delay,
And 'round that dear old chair we told
  The thrilling annals of the day.
Its ample form brings peace and rest;
  Love's magic ever lingers there—
A mother's holy life has blessed
  The memories clinging 'round that chair!

—Emily K. Baker.

Contributed by
Mrs. Geo. Gibson, Morenci, Mich.

GOD, KEEP A KEEN WIND BLOWING

God, keep a clean wind blowing through my heart, night and day;
Cleanse it with sunlight; let the silver rain wash away
Cobwebs, and the smothering dust that years leave—I pray.

God, keep a clean wind blowing through my heart, wind from far
Green pastures, and from shaded pools where still waters are,
Wind from spaces out beyond the first twilight star.

Bitterness can have no place in me, nor grief stay,
When the winds of God rush through and sweep them away.
God, keep a clean wind blowing through my heart, night and day.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

* * *

A SONG

Others shall sing the song;
Others shall right the wrong;
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.

What matter I or they;
Mine or another's day;
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made?

—Whittier.

NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him, or you love him, tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation until the parson makes oration,
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow.

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;
He won't know how many tear drops you have shed.
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,
For he can not read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait until life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he can not read his tombstone when he's dead.

—Carlyle Tahlsworth Shaub.

Contributed by
Mrs. F. A. Kies, Pontiac, Mich.

THE HANDS OF THE NEEDLE

Dear, patient hands—dear, wrinkled hands,
The hands now aged and seamed and worn,
What reverent love their toil demands;
What labor they have proudly borne!
The same soft touch is theirs, that seemed
Like petals, when they soothed my brow.
That held a baby, as it dreamed;
Yet just as tender, loving, now.
And when I think of all they've done—
The treasures built of thread and lace,
I say "Your just reward is won;"
Their wrinkles only give them grace.

Dear, clever hands—dear, earnest hands,
Like looms that weave unendingly;
The needle's mark, each finger bands
As proof of what you've done for ME.
It started with those first frail things
That come with babyhood and birth—
That mother fashions as she sings,
Near all the cradles of the earth.
I've found that wee, quaint cap she made,
The dresses, worn with time, yet still
So wonderful years can not fade
Their memories, that haunt and thrill.

Dear, trembling hands—dear, tireless hands,
Here, at the twilight time of life,
Keen at their task, tho' in distant lands
Her brood is scattered to the strife.
Still knitting, sewing—still, she sings,
And still the magic needles ply.
Whilst still they grow—these wondrous things
That only wealth of love could buy.
I reverence their strange, sure skill,
The skeins that blossom at her touch,
Dear mother hands that labor still—
We love you—love you, very much.

—W. Livingston Larned.

Contributed by
Mrs. Geo. Gibson, Morenci, Mich.

* * *

LET ME GROW LOVELY

Let me grow lovely growing old—
So many fine things do;
Laces and ivory and gold
And silks need not be new;

And there is healing in old trees:
Old streets a glamour hold.
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely growing old?

—Karle Wilson Baker.

WHAT KNOW WE?

What know we of the gnawing grief
That dims perchance our neighbor's way,
The fretting worry, secret pain
That may be his from day to day?
Then let no idle word of ours
Sting to his heart with more dismay.

What know we of temptations deep
That hover 'round him like the night,
What bitter struggles may be his,
What evil influences blight?
Then be not hasty to condemn
If he has strayed from paths of right.

We know so little of the hearts
That everywhere around us beat,
So little of the inner lives
Of those whom day by day we greet—
Oh, it behooves us one and all
Gently to deal with those we meet.

Gently to deal and gently judge,
With that divinest charity
That thinks no evil, but would seek
The good in every soul to see,
Measuring not by what it is,
But by that which it strives to be.

—L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Contributed by
MRS. HENRY HIRST, Detroit.

MOTHER O' MINE

I close my eyes and a vision comes—
  The old home nestled among the hills,
Where the robin sings and the wild bee hums,
  And the air with the breath of lilacs fills.
Wide the door with a welcome stands,
  And there, enframed by the drooping vine,
With a tender smile and outstretched hands
  Is Mother o' mine.

Never an idle moment spent,
  Always busy with helpful things,
Mending in little frocks each rent,
  Kissing away each hurt that stings,
Patiently guiding the fingers small,
  Striving with stitches that twist and twine,
Never minding the ones let fall—
  Dear Mother o' mine.

Ever ready with loving care
  To smooth and straighten the tangled skein
Of my childish woes, and make life fair
  With the sunshine of gladness once again.
Pointing the ways that ran not quite true
  With gentle caution and line on line,
All that I may be I owe to you,
  O Mother o' mine!

—Alicia Carew Stewart.

Contributed by
Mrs. Geo. Gibson, Morenci, Mich.

SMILES

As I have walked the ways of earth,
My heart has learned to know
That smiles are balm and solacing
For human hurts and woe.
And, though it may seem very strange,
The longer that I live
The more smiles that I give away,
The more I have to give.

As I have journeyed in the ways
Where mortals toil and fret,
Lo, I have learned that smiles are stars
That lighten Olivet.
And, though it is a paradox,
As on through life I press,
The more of happiness I give,
The more joy I possess.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

Contributed by
Mrs. Jaheway, Lansing, Mich.

* * *

PARTY MANNERS

I've had my share of sorrow and I've had my share of pain,
With many clouds along the way and quite a lot of rain;
There have been times I've wondered if the sun would never shine;
But in spite of all my troubles, I've had a real good time.

I've had a family and friends that loved me dear and true;
I've had work to keep me busy, and a cat and dog or two;
And whatever else I meet with along the upward climb,
However steep the path may be—I've had a real good time.

My mother always told me when I went somewhere to play
To be sure to tell my hostess I had had a pleasant day.
So when I'm called upon to leave this world of rain and shine,
I'll thank God for my life, and say I've had a real good time.

—Margaret H. Tomkins.

Contributed by
Mrs. Mae Sine, Detroit.

* * *

WOMAN'S WORK

Bending down low over soft sleeping faces;
Washing and kissing and loving them all;
Teaching them fine little courteous graces;
Building up memories for them to recall;
Making them laugh at the end of each tumble;
Giving them rest, thus preserving their poise;
Helping them never to fret or to grumble;
Keeping up spirits while toning down noise;
Soothing hurt feelings, yet fixing no blame;
Planning a pleasure where duty must lurk;
Making them sportsmen in life's every game;
Forming true humans—and that's woman's work.

—Louise Comes Reeve.

Contributed by
Mrs. Josephine Robbins, Detroit.

THE HEAP OF GOLD

I know a lady who lives near me,
  Free as a bird she often seems,
With a pretty home and husband dear
  To fill each wish and cherished dream.
No children are there to muss her home.
  No baby hands soil each new dress.
One day I looked, breathed a half sigh, and
  Said, "What could bring more peace than this?"

One early morning I softly stole
  Into the home of a loved one.
There I beheld, while she calmly slept,
  A heap of gold kissed by the sun.
That mother dear and two little tots
  Sweetly slumbered 'neath covers gay,
A dark haired girl, who is three years old,
  And baby brother, fair as day.

A flame of gladness sprang from my heart.
  "My friend, I know your peace," I said.
"No money on earth could buy from you
  Those tender treasures on your bed."
Life may bring joy or it may bring pain,
  But sorrows fade like midnight dreams,
When through the years, like I've seen today,
  God's true goodness in love-nests gleam.

A MIDSUMMER MIRACLE

"I wish I could see a miracle!"
My little daughter said,
And over her sweet, dimpled face
A look of longing spread.

Next morning came a ringing voice,
As day began to break,
"Come quick, my child, the miracle,
The miracle—awake!"

The night was slowly vanishing;
Across the meadows lay
The fringes of her mystic robe
Touched by the rose of day.

Through dim and fragrant distances
The morning's earliest word
Rang out from tents of greenery,
And passed from bird to bird.

With shining dew the drowsy flowers
And grasses were empearled;
A wondrous miracle, indeed—
The wakening of the world!

—Mary Frances Butts.

HER LITTLE BOY

"Always a little boy to her,"
No matter how old he's grown.
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray,
She's deaf to his manly tone;
His voice is the same as the day he asked,
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same,
A little boy to her.

"Always a little boy to her,"
She heeds not the lines of care,
That furrow his face—to her he is still,
As he was in his boyhood fair,
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in the small boy days,
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

Always a little boy to her,
And to him, she's the mother fair,
With the laughing eyes, and the cheering smile,
Of the boyhood days, back there.
Back there somewhere in the mist of years;
Back there with the childish joy.
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy to her,"
The careless march of the years—
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears;
The smile that she sees, is the smile of youth,
The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair with its gray, is as sunny as May,
He is always "her little boy."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Contributed by
MRS. HORN, Ferndale, Mich.

* * *

SOMETIME

Sometime, somewhere beyond the sea,
An isle of pleasure waits for me,
Where all the fruits of tree and vine
In easy reach in clusters shine.
This isle is mine in simple fee—
Sea-girt in dreams—I hold the key—
And all its treasures will be mine.....
.....Somewhere.....sometime.....
Somewhere, sometime beyond the blue
Of starlit space, all dreams come true.
All argosies that ever sailed,
Each worthy emprise, though it failed,
Will reach the harbor of this isle,
Where I'll be living after while—
Will find me in that golden clime.....
.....Somewhere.....sometime.....

—WILLIAM FELTER.

Contributed by
MRS. WM. SCHWALLIE, Birmingham, Mich.

FRIEND

Lord, I ask not for riches vain, nor baubles gay;
Give me an humble heart to meet each day.
Let others seek some tarnished jewel to gain,
Only to lose or tire of in the end
Wondering they sought it! Lord, give me a friend!

A friend whose simple greatness seems mine to renew,
Who speaks my thoughts—believes my dreams till they come true.
Who stays my friend though mountain chains divide,
And smiles with me whatever life may send
Of joy or power—Lord, grant such a friend.

But such a friend I claimed, long years ago.
Exiled by cruel fate was I—my friend? I hardly know!
I ask one loving handclasp o'er the hardening miles;
A word to fire my heart; my faith, defend!
Bring me I pray thee—Lord, word from my friend.

Written by
GRETCHEN BRESSLER HABERLE.

* * *

BE KIND

It takes a kindly action,
  It takes a word of cheer,
To fill a life with sunshine
  And drive away a tear.
Great things are not the "biggest" things
  That make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that we may do
  That make this old world go.

MY BIT OF HELP

I may not pass again this way,
  So let me give
My bit of aid to make the world
  A better place to live.

The people whom I meet today
Tomorrow may be far away.
Did I forget to give a smile,
Or ease somebody's load awhile?

There's one, heartbroken, who would be
Cheered by my gift of sympathy.
And here, one slipping, hope all gone.
Have I lent strength to help him on?
So many folks who are in need—
Have I tried even one to feed?

I may not pass again this way,
  So let me be
A bounteous giver of my love
  And help and sympathy.

—Helen P. Metzger, in Kind Words.

Contributed by
Mrs. W. Pattinson, Flint, Mich.

BED TIME

There's a rumbling, tumbling hub-bub when the children go to bed,
They seem to take and shake the house and stand it on its head!
"Do get undressed! Now in the tub! The baby wants his milk!"
Three slippery, shiny bodies with skin like soft white silk,
Come slithering out the tub at me and Sister's full of woe
Because her Bubby bumped her head! And Wee One's stubbed her toe;
And Daddy grabs a towel or two and helps me get them dry.
"Hold still now, Bubby! Drop that soap! Now, Sister, don't you cry!"

Then donning lanky sleepers—"Oh! Bubby stop your tricks!"
"With sleepers on, Dad, don't they look like dumpy, downy chicks?"
Three cups of milk with refills and now they're off to bed;
A pillow fight or two! Another near-cracked head.
"But Brother didn't mean to! Come here and Mother'll blow it."
"You mustn't cry! That makes it worse to cry, Sis, Don't you know it?"
At last they're settling down to sleep. Oh! Wee One wants a hanket.
And Bubby's kicked the covers off. No noise or mother'll spank it!

A fearful peace is o'er us. "Aren't they sweet as sugar pie?"
Sister simply blooms at night! Who'd ever think she'd cry?
I think throughout the day, I simply cannot stand their noise
(Dad, isn't Wee One sleeping sweet, surrounded by her toys?
And isn't Bubby growing fast?) It's better than this quiet!
I think I'll never show again impatience at their riot.
God pity all the women, who, denying Motherhood,
Have daily peace like this all undisturbed by Babyhood!

GRETCHEN BRESSLER HABERLE.

* * *

I AIN'T DEAD YET

I've knocked around amazin'
  In this world of storm and calm,
And I've had some hard old battles,
  But I've kept a-ploddin' on.
And my spirit's jest as cheery
  As it ever was, you bet.
Oh, I've had my tribulations,
  But I ain't dead yet.

I've seen a heap o' changes
  In the country 'round about,
And my old-time friends and neighbors
  Is most all a-dyin' out.
But I guess I'm tough and brittle.
  I've seen my friends a leavin',
But I ain't dead yet.

But sometimes I git to thinkin'
As I'm settin' by myself,
That there's a reason fer it
Why I ain't laid on the shelf.
There might be some leetle sarvice
That the world would never get
If I was taken from it,
So I ain't dead yet.

And so I'll keep a hustlin'
With all the might I've got,
And I'll plant a few more posies,
In the old world's garden spot
And tho' I'm old and fogy—
I won't set down and fret;
But I'll show the folks around me
That I ain't dead yet.

And when I git up yonder,
Where eternal flowers bloom,
And stand among the thousands—
All around the great white throne,
Then I'll say to them around me
Even tho' we hadn't met
Why this beats all creation
Fer I ain't dead yet.

—Rev. Robert Cairns.

Mind Food

What, after all, is the purpose of books and reading? Isn't it enough to live and learn what I can or must from experience?

Life without books can never give a man a satisfactory explanation or understanding of his own nature nor of his position and purpose in existence. For we all of us live but a short span in the world as we find it around us today. Now the world all about us is largely a riddle unless we understand it and know something of the course of the world until today. Because today's world, the greater part of it, is the result of all the ages past.

Again, life upon this earth of ours has an endless variety of phases and aspects of which we can know but little through the limited reach of our own living and experience. Life is much like a spectrum, an almost infinite range of color—our own life is lived most usually within the confines of a narrow band and that so often drab.

By living with and through books we multiply our experiences and sensations to those of our entire race and all the world. Bookless, we live our own little day—with and through books we can live the life of all the ages.

Books add color, warmth, light, romance, adventure, wisdom, which we never could enjoy were we ostracized to the small limits of our own self.

A little serious thought will readily convince anyone that books are an important element of every well balanced, correctly budgeted life.

A greater and more difficult problem arises from the vast number of books already written and daily pouring forth from our presses.

It is quite evident that no man can read all the books written. No man can even read everything written on any single worthwhile topic. It is therefore also quite evident that to read with any degree of success or achievement we must set about our reading systematically and purposefully.

We must know what we want and then plan a definite course through which we shall attain that definite purpose.

While there have been any number of so-called lists of best books compiled, it is futile for any one person to seek to establish anything like a fixed course for everyone. The books that are best for one might have little purpose or interest for another.

The sanest and most useful thing to do is to read such books first as will help you find out what you need and can use and what will suit your own particular life. Having found yourself, you will also be able to pick the proper companions in the world of books.

It is very important, both for the individual who purposes to follow a course of reading as well as for parents or teachers who guide the reading of others, to remember that the first impressions of the book world count for a great deal. Unless there is in books a new pleasure, a keener delight, an attractive personality, you will find some books a bore and a task, and acquire thereby a distaste for all reading.

It is best to select for the beginning only such books as have enough charm and warmth of personality as will cause you to look forward to your daily reading. Then reading will become a pleasure, your mind will grow to hunger for its daily food in quite the same way as you look forward to your meals when you know that each day's menu is not only food, but pleasant food.

Again so many ask me: How can I ever find time to read? Do you find time to do that which you like to do? Have you ever gone over your day and checked up the idle or loosely spent ten minutes or quarter of an hour? Couldn't you take from useless talk or chatter ten minutes here or there? Even ten minutes a day spent with a good book is better than none at all. Wouldn't you rather spend ten minutes a day with a loved friend than never see him or her?

Budget your day and set aside a certain portion of it for the companionship of books. The rest of the day will be brighter, happier, fuller, richer for having done so.

—Paul G. Rohr, Ph.D.